

**Education.**

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to the importance and absolute necessity of this work. Here and yonder you find a community which is in earnest. Occasionally you find where three or four little weak schools have united and prepared to do first-class work in primary, intermediate and advanced departments. In very rare instances you find a large district in the country which displays its good business judgment and acumen by that the children are provided with high school facilities so that the children may be prepared for college and for life while still under the wholesome influence of a sacred country home. Such judgment is rewarded from a financial point of view, with more prosperous citizens, more valuable real estate, and a general enhancement rather than a depletion of its industries.

**Four Hundred Local Tax Districts in South Carolina.**

Hundreds of communities in this and other States are waking up to the fact that taxation is not a burden when it is used to provide better teachers, better school-houses and better facilities generally for the training of the children of those communities. Consequently over 400 school districts in South Carolina, for example, have voted to put a special tax on themselves for the sake of their own schools.

**Influence of the Rural Library.**

Another evidence of educational awakening is the manifest desire on the part of the patrons of the schools for more and better reading matter for themselves and their children. During the past two years nearly 1,000 rural school libraries have been established in South Carolina. We expect to make it 1,000 by the close of the year. Each library cost at least \$40. Some cost much more. This means that there are at least \$40,000 worth of well selected reading matter within reach of our ambitious boys and girls in the country. That means about 100,000 good books. Of course this does not take into account the thousands of excellent books and periodicals in the homes, many of which found their way there because of the suggestion and help afforded by the little libraries in the schools.

**Increasing Interest in Higher Education.**

An educational revival in South Carolina is further suggested by the efforts of so many young men and women to attend college. Several of our colleges are already filled to their full capacity for the fall term. It is an inspiration to see an ambitious boy or girl striving to get an education. Many of them, who have little or no money, have the burning desire for a wider outlook. These will succeed. It is encouraging that our teachers are striving to better themselves and thus improve the schools. We have more than 3,000 teachers each year who attend summer schools either in the State or at large summer schools elsewhere. They haven't so much money, but they have an upward striving for improvement and development.

**Room for Further Progress.**

Notwithstanding all of the hopeful signs and symptoms, however, we still have hundreds of schools which need improvement. We have many

which are described by Whittier, when he says:

"Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow  
And the blackberry briars are running."

These schools are begging for company—they need consolidation; they are begging for comforts—they need trees, flowers, grass, pictures and furniture; they are begging for help—they need better teachers and more of them.

**Work if South Carolina Women.**

More than a thousand of our leading women have banded themselves together into an Association for the Improvement of the Rural Schools. Others are joining rapidly. They have issued a bulletin giving definite instructions on how to organize and how to adorn our school buildings inside and outside. They are offering \$1,000 in prizes to the ten schools which make the most material improvements before November 1st.

The best thing of all is the better sentiment among our people for improved schools. If they will but realize that the future of all that they hold dear, depends upon their efforts, they will become more and more in earnest. The condition of the South twenty-five years hence depends more upon what our people do for the schools than it does upon the price of cotton during this year of grace.

**The Pure Food Law.**

Assuming that the federal pure food law is not going to turn out to be a gold brick, it is doubtful if many persons realize what a tremendous revolution it is going to make in the matter of the nation's food and drink. The American people are so reckless and devil-may-care about the risks they run, and they have been so long accustomed to making a joke of the adulteration of the things they eat and drink, that they can hardly be expected to appreciate at first blush what a vast difference pure foods and drinks will make in their health, pleasure and comfort.

Some idea of the change that will be wrought by this law may be gained from the fact that few persons, especially of the poorer classes, now living have ever tasted real coffee, molasses, sugar or even flour. Most of the cheaper grades of coffee never saw a coffee bush, and it is a notorious fact that the much-vaunted maple syrup is mostly made of chemicals, while the New Orleans molasses is at least half glucose, mixed in by the thrifty wholesale dealers as soon as it comes from the plantations. The genuine article of molasses, as it is made on the Louisiana sugar plantations, has a distinctive name in the south, and can only be had as a favor or present from some planter friend. Its taste and flavor are as far superior to the adulterated stuff that figures in commerce as pure New Orleans molasses as young love's first kiss is to a mother-in-law's acidulous salute. And so it goes.

When the new law goes into effect next January there will be a complete change in the character and quality of nearly every sort of food and drink that goes on the family table. Its beneficial effects may not be visible to the eye of noticeable to the long-corrupted palate, and some perverse people may even sigh for the good old

days when they drank decoctions of parched beans instead of coffee and ate colored white earth for chocolate candy; but the national stomach as a whole will be rid of many of the dyspeptic ills that now make life a burden, and the sum of human happiness will be castly increased.—Tri-State Farmer.

**Pure Food.**

We do not see how any one, unless interested in adulterating food, can oppose a pure food law. The only thing that we ask is that food shall be properly labeled, "Tell the Truth," then if people want to buy and eat adulterated food it is their privilege to do so. According to an item in the American Farmer, a representative from the state of Georgia did oppose the pure food bill when before the house and made a speech against it. His argument, according to the item, was wholly irrelevant and ridiculous.

Representative Adamson, of Georgia, in the course of an argument against the pure-food bill in Congress, declared: "People are expecting too much of scientific knowledge as to accuracy and safety on all questions. I believe there are millions of old women, white and black, all over my country, who know more about good victuals and good eating than Dr. Wiley and all his apothecary shop." But the question at issue is not one of good cooking, but suitable things to cook. The "old mammy" would not be able to make much of a chicken that had laid in cold storage a year or more, or of a hamburger steak made of trimmings and reddened by the use of sodium sulphite. The cooks that Congressman Adamson praised did not have to contend with pepper which is largely corn meal, coffee which is mostly bread crumbs and sawdust, cherries picked green, bleached and then dried, honey that never saw or heard of a bee, and so on through the whole disgusting list. Dr. Wiley's business is not to cook, but to call attention to these frauds.

**The Family Horse.**

Probably many of you can appreciate the following item from the Farm and Fireside:

I was driving happily along the shady country road, when passing near

a stable close to the highway, I heard moans and cries of distress; and turning my horse up to the lot fence found a man, woman and two children weeping bitterly over a large black horse; which lay dead, a few yards from the stable door.

"I notice you have had the misfortune to lose your horse," I commented, thinking it childish to show grief over a dead animal.

"Yes, sir, died a few minutes ago," sobbed the man, endeavoring to repress his grief, as he walked toward me. "You think it weak and foolish, no doubt, for us to show such sorrow," he went on; "but maybe you won't when you understand."

"I purchased that horse twelve years ago, in the spring before I married that fall. Me and Mary there, my wife, had many enjoyable rides behind him that never-to-be-forgotten summer, and he shared our pleasures, our sorrows and our secrets. Then when Mary became my wife and I brought her home, it was behind old Ben, which we loved dearly. Every day during crop-time, for the last dozen years, he has performed his work nobly; and many's the time he has carried us nutting, on a fishing spree, to a picnic or some other frolic, seemingly happy in our enjoyment. And when Katie, our oldest child died, and we carried her to the cemetery, he pulled us there; and he appeared to know what the trip was for, and, with bowed head went slowly and sadly along, as he had never gone before nor since. Yes sir, we all loved kind, gentle old Ben. He has been with us every day since that memorable October evening when I brought Mary here, from her father's, across the creek; and he seemed more like one of the family than a willing, docile slave."

I could not reply, but as I drove off, the farmer saw by the tears in my eyes that I understood.

**Wishes Nothing Better.**

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